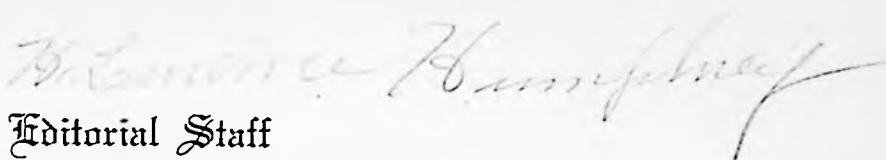


The Pennell Whirlpool

1922

Pennell Institute
Gray, Maine



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CLASS REPORTERS

1923,
1924,
1925,
Faculty Adviser,

ABBIE NASH

ERNEST LEONARD

MARYNARD COLLEY

MISS WENTWORTH



After Fire of December, 1921

Editorials

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Loyalty to a school should be shown both by pupils attending it and those who have graduated. Stand by your school whatever you do! Never think that somebody else's Alma Mater is better than your own, for it is not. Perhaps your school has not some of the advantages that you could get elsewhere, but you are attending it and should be loyal to it. "Loyalty" should be your motto. School spirit should prevail in every school.

The boys and girls should co-operate with each other in activities. When a supper is being prepared, the boys, as well as the girls, should do their bit in helping. At school socials everyone, who knows how, should dance to show that he or she has some school spirit. When one cannot attend a basket ball or baseball game, he might at least help the association by buying a school ticket.

Boys and girls should co-operate with school authorities. This saves much trouble in the end. It is better to ask permission if you wish special privileges. Go to the principal or teachers with your request and very likely it will be granted to you. Boys, girls, and teachers should all work together. All should regard their school as the best and should not do anything which would in any way harm its reputation.

CHANGE OF TEACHERS.

Mr. Packard, Bates '19, who finished the winter and spring terms of last year, resigned at the end of the year. We were very sorry that he left, as he was a very efficient teacher. We were fortunate in securing Miss Means, Colby '21, at the beginning of the year.

LOCALS.

At the beginning of the year the different classes presented rhetoricals. These were given about every four weeks.

The Junior Class presented the farce "My Wife's Relations" during the first term, at a social on December 29.

Thirteen members of the school participated in the Insurance contest during January.

THE PENNELL WHIRLPOOL

The "Stoddard Lectures" in ten volumes were purchased by the pupils during the term. The book "Acres of Diamonds" was presented to the school. A prize was offered by Mr. Guy Chipman to the best citizen of the school. This prize was awarded to Chester Campbell.

A few boys and girls have entered the Y. M. C. A. contest for the best speakers in the county; the finals are to be held at Portland.

The Seniors have been working on the play "Much Ado about Betty," while the Juniors are planning to present "Forest Acres" some time during the spring term.

Kathryn Sweetser represented Pennell at the County Speaking Contest, April 21. Her selection was "Miantawana," by Aldrich. Others taking part in the local contest were Doris Roberts, who won second place with "Echo and the Fairy;" Louise Douglas, "The Spoken Word;" Ellen Cole, "The Littlest Rebel;" Ruby Hodgkin, "Legend Beautiful;" Ina Severy, "Kentucky Belle;" Marion Pollard, "Bachelor's Auction;" Maynard Colley, "Toussaint L'Ouverture;" George Severy, "Barbara Frietchie;" Theodore Muzzy, "Angels of Buena Vista;" Gordon Farrell, "Pipes of Lucknow."

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

About two years ago on November 11, 1918, the Great War ceased. Many millions of lives were lost during that struggle, which is known as the greatest in all history. Vast sums of money were also spent in carrying on the war. For years the taxpayers of nations have been overburdened by heavy taxes for the maintenance of large armies and navies. A very small proportion of the taxes is used for education. The ancient idea of kings that large armies and navies are needed for the protection of a country isn't very popular with the people.

On November 11, 1921, a conference of nine nations was held at Washington. The Conference was held for two reasons. They were as follows: (1) the limitation of armaments, and (2) to settle some of the problems of the Pacific. The nine nations represented at the conference were the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, China, Holland, Belgium and Portugal. There was a committee on Pacific questions and a sub-committee of one from each nation represented. This plan was also followed on the question of disarmament.

There were four representatives from the United States. They were as follows: Secretary Hughes, representing the

administration, Senator Lodge, representing the majority in the Senate, Senator Underwood, the minority, and Hon. Elihu Root, the public. These delegates were well chosen and well informed on the questions discussed at the conference. The chief representative of Great Britain was Arthur Balfour; of France, Briand; and of Japan, Kato.

There were many difficulties facing the Conference. Japan was thought to be very autocratic and she would not yield on the problems of the Conference. Japan was very bitter toward the United States. France was afraid of an attack from Germany.

The delegates were very much bewildered when Secretary Hughes gave out the plans of the United States for the limitation of naval armaments. The United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan agreed to scrap sixty-eight capital ships and, after a ten years' holiday, their naval strength will remain at 525,000 tons; 315,000 tons; 175,000 tons and 175,000 tons, respectively. The tonnage of airplane carriers is limited to 135,000 tons each for the United States and Great Britain; 100,000 tons for Japan and 60,000 tons each for France and Italy. Individual capital ships are to be no larger than 35,000 tons and carry no guns in excess of sixteen inches. The United States agreed not to fortify the Philippines and Guam, and Japan is to observe the same restriction in Formosa, the Bonins and Pescadores.

The powers agree as among themselves not to use submarines as commerce destroyers. They are to regard as a pirate any submarine commander who violates that law.

Shantung was given back to China by Japan. The Chinese have agreed to buy the Shantung Railroad from Japan. Japan gives the United States the cable and wireless privileges of the Island of Yap.

A four-year treaty was drawn up between the United States, Japan, Great Britain and France. These four powers agree to respect one another's rights in relation to their insular possessions in the Pacific, and to meet and talk matters over whenever those rights are threatened. This treaty takes the place of the Anglo-Japanese treaty. These are the most important results of the Conference at Washington.

The task of the Conference is not completed. There are commissioners appointed to carry on the work of limitation of armaments.

Japan and the United States are more friendly as the result of the Conference. There were reports that Great Britain and the United States were at swords' points, but the Conference proved that they were in harmony with each other.

CLIFFORD FILES.

Literary

KIDNAPPED.

Shirley Richardson was a pretty sixteen-year-old girl. She had lived in England for thirteen years with her father and aunt, her mother having died while Shirley was three years old. Her father was quite well to do and so Shirley, of course, had about everything she wished, except a chance to see much of the outside world.

It was only by accident that Mr. Thomas Grayson, Shirley's grandfather, found her. Mr. Grayson was on a business trip in England and at the same time trying to find his daughter, Shirley's mother. Discovering that she was dead, he set out to find his son-in-law and granddaughter. After a long, hard search, he found them in the suburbs of London. Mr. Grayson became very much attached to Shirley and determined to make her his sole heiress, as he had a large estate in New York. Mr. Grayson wanted Shirley to go with him to France and then return to America with him, but as he was going only on business, he thought it best not to take her at that time.

About a year after that Shirley prepared to visit her grandfather in America. She had to go across on the boat alone, as neither her father nor aunt were at liberty to leave. Mr. Richardson went to the boat with his daughter, and after seeing her on it safely, he went back to his work, thinking that everything was all right. In the meantime Shirley had fallen in with bad company, although she was told not to speak to anyone she did not know. But after dinner, one evening, she stayed on deck where the passengers were dancing, and by chance she became acquainted with a Mrs. Williams, who looked like a very fine lady. The next day Shirley was introduced to Mrs. Williams' son and daughter, Robert and Margaret, and a friend of Bob's, Jack Davis. Shirley kept company with these people, and thought a great deal of Bob until the evening before they were to land in New York Harbor. She was called into Mrs. Williams' stateroom, being told that Mrs. Williams was ill, and that Margaret, in a confused state of mind, did not know what to do for her mother. Shirley, of course, went to the aid of her friends. At last it was decided that Shirley should stay with Mrs. Williams that night.

In the morning the door was locked; Shirley found herself a prisoner. She started to scream for help, but just then Bob lifted the cover of a large trunk and stood up with a revolver in his hand.

THE PENNELL WHIRLPOOL

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Shirley, having been smuggled in this trunk to the mainland, found herself in a room with a gang of rough fellows. Bob, the head of the gang, told her their plan, which was to use her to rob her own grandfather's safe.

In the meantime Mr. Grayson had gone to meet Shirley, and, not seeing her among the crowd that came from the boat, sent an officer to search the ship. The search was made, and, of course, she could not be found. Mr. Grayson sent a cablegram to Mr. Richardson saying that Shirley had not arrived, and also asked if she were coming on the next boat.

Midnight was the time set for the robbery. After a gang of men had surrounded the house, Bob and Shirley entered by a low window near the kitchen. As it happened, a servant was just coming in, and, as he heard this noise, he ran for his revolver, which happened to be in a drawer near him. Getting the revolver, he followed the robbers to the door of the room, in which a sofa stood; the servant then stumbled over a chair. Bob, realizing that someone else was around, fired his revolver twice—a sign for his gang to enter.

Mr. Grayson had been very restless, and when he heard the two shots, ran to the window and screamed to the policeman standing on the corner nearby. The policeman rang the police alarm and then ran to the house. Mr. Grayson then got his revolver and went downstairs with the rest of his servants, who had also been awakened by the shots. On reaching the room, he turned the electric switch on, just as the policeman entered. Shirley then saw her grandfather and ran to him and explained everything. As a result of the kidnapping of Shirley, the police found a gang which they had been trailing for some time in vain, and the scoundrels who were its members were severely punished.

LILLIAN HANCOCK, '23.

I'm the clock that times P. I.,
I stay out in the weather,
Be it wet or dry.
The days go by quickly in the school year.

Many boys and girls leave here,
But the new ones,
Green as the sea,
Always show respect for ME.

E. E. D., '23.

NAPOLEON AS A RULER.

Napoleon's prowess as a ruler is open to extensive comment. Many, because of his remarkable success, consider him a marvelous ruler. On the other hand, a great many others, because of his marked aggressiveness and domineering nature, consider him little less than a tyrant.

Napoleon was resourceful. Probably the most able general the world has seen, his achievements on the battlefield have as yet been unequalled. This made the nations admire him, and served to make them faithful to him.

But it seems to me that he was a more ideal general than ruler. He wished to dominate the world, and his word was law. Any opposition to him brought forth marked hatred.

He would not flinch at anything to gain his ends, and his word was worthless. These qualities, it seems to me, should not be lacking in a good ruler. He was not a ruler to be served faithfully by his subjects, and this is a supreme point in successful government.

JOSEPH J. LEONARD.

Let us all be brave and true,
Ignorance never stands any show,
Little mistakes are soon forgotten
In all we do and say..
A girl without this wisdom
Never gets what she wishes.

A. M. S., '23.

THE DROPPED STITCH.

"I ought to sit down this very minute and go to work on my tray cloth," said Gertrude one bright Saturday morning. "Mamma wants to do it up this afternoon and send it in the three o'clock mail, so that Cousin Grace will get it Monday. There's not very much more to do on it, I'm glad to say."

But just as Gertrude took up her embroidery materials, she happened to see Mabel Clarke passing by. "I must speak to her," Gertrude said, and, hurriedly throwing a wrap about her, she rushed out. There was quite a conference at the gate, and then Gertrude went along with her friend, for Mabel had some things at home which she "really must see."

It was more than an hour before Gertrude came back to her embroidery. Then the moments seemed to fly, and she

began to grow nervous and cross. Faster and faster she worked, and did not notice that her work was not so smooth and even as it had been before. At last the tray cloth was finished, and she gave it into her mother's charge to be pressed and made ready to send away.

"Part of this embroidery isn't as nice as you usually do, Gertrude," her mother said, pointing to two or three flowers on which the work was rough and uneven. "And, Gertrude, see this," and she showed a place where the silk thread had not drawn in tightly enough, so that it had formed a loop.

"I'm sorry, Mamma," Gertrude said, impatiently, "but I had to hurry so to finish it. If I had had another hour, it would have been all right."

"There doesn't seem to be any way of fixing it," Mrs. Bennett said, regretfully, and Grandma added, "It's almost as bad as finding a dropped stitch when you've finished your knitting. It makes a bad place, the best you can do. Dropped stitches make so much trouble wherever you find them."

"Why, you never find them anywhere except in knitting, crocheting or weaving, do you?" Gertrude asked wonderingly.

Grandma smiled. "You'll find them all through your life, my dear," she said. "And if you don't mind my saying so, I think this embroidery which you finished up so hastily that you did not do it well, shows a dropped stitch in your own life."

"Why, how, Grandma?"

"When you knew for yourself that you ought to sit right down and go to work at it, and then went over to Mabel's and spent an hour, you dropped a stitch of duty. And you know, dear, that it has made a bad place, for the hurry that was necessary afterward made you nervous and cross, therefore making it impossible to do the work as well as you would have liked."

"I guess that's true, Grandma," Gertrude answered slowly. "A dropped stitch is more serious than I thought. I'll try not to drop any more."

"Yes," her Grandma answered, "and, Gertrude, always remember that the girl who is so anxious to be obliging that she is always promising to do more than she can possibly accomplish, makes a big mistake. It is no kindness to promise to do a favor and then fail. Make no more promises than you can keep, but keep all the promises you make."

D. M. R.

A BIOGRAPHY.

Ernest Ambrose Coffin was born in a log cabin on Dutton Hill, July 4, 1898. From the time of his birth until he reached the age of seven, he is said to have possessed a pair of cast iron lungs, much to the pleasure of the neighbors.

When he was seven years old, he went to a school taught by Elizabeth Douglass and was a shining light for the other pupils. He was always their inspiration for mischief. At the age of ten he came to the grammar school of Gray under the tuition of Florence Brown. He was forever arguing with her on the theory of Evolution and always took the affirmative side.

He possessed a clear, musical voice and often sang at Ladies' Bazaars for the benefit of friendless cats. He attended Pennell at the age of thirteen. His first two years were uneventful, but he kept the faculty more or less worried. In his senior year he edited his first book, "The Menace of Study Hours." This was a remarkable success and was read by all the pupils, but the authorities did not get the hint, as intended.

When he was thirty he became a tonsorial artist in Dry Mills. He did very well at first, but later his eyesight commenced to fail, and his victims looked as though their head had been thru a stone crusher.

Later he was interested in radium, and the town bought a hen-house in which to conduct his experiments. He tried to extract radium from alligators' ears, but was unsuccessful, so he had to give it up.

In 1930 he and Arthur Sawyer became veterinarians, and, thru a chiropractor's advice, they were quite skilful in the treatment of coughs, colds, sore throat and hoarseness of animals. They continued in this business till the majority of the domestic animals died from pneumonia.

When Ernest Coffin died, he was greatly beloved by all the dumb animals. His name will long be remembered by the citizens of Gray, as his picture and autograph appear on some of the leading hair tonic bottles.

E. K., '22.

Boys are a very curious class,
Under any circumstances
Right is the thing they seldom do,
Never caring in the least
So long as they don't come to grief.

C. A. S., '23.

A TRIP TO HOLLISTON.

Holliston is a pretty little village bordered by "Clear Lake." I have some old friends there who have an estate called "Sunset Farm." They said it was a beautiful place in summer. My friends, a gentleman and his wife, for a number of summers had urged me to make them a visit. Summer began early that year. It was intolerably hot in Lexington. I received a letter, as usual, from Mrs. Rogers, urging my sister and me to come this year, for there was to be a boat race on the lake the first of August. We decided to go.

I have a possession which I value very much, a little mare named Nell. She can cover the ground. We started with Nell at half past two on the fifteenth of July. Five miles were covered and we were in the country. How good it seemed! Men were haying along the route. We stopped at a spring beside the road and had a delicious drink. What a contrast between that and the water in Lexington!

At ten minutes of five we reached Holliston. "Sunset Farm" borders "Lake Clear," as I have said. We traveled along the road on the shore of the lake to our friends. It was delightfully cool. Nell carried us up the hill to the farm, where we received a hearty welcome. Bruce, a handsome collie, soon made our acquaintance. We had an excellent supper and then talked and talked until we couldn't keep our eyes open.

The next day new joys awaited us. We roamed all over the farm. From the highest point there was a wonderful view of the lake. When the sun had set, the sky was beautiful, and so was its reflection in the water. I made the acquaintance of a black boy named Sam. We became great friends. He warned me not to go near the fence of one of the neighbors in my wanderings through the pasture, as he had a big billy goat whose disposition was not of the best. I forgot his warning, and, one day, as I was walking near a fence, I saw a big goat eyeing me. I don't know what possessed me, but I walked to the fence and pulled his beard gently and stroked his head. He didn't like it. The fence was weak. The goat butted it over and came after me at full speed. I started to run, but as I am built on the plan that is not made for running, he overtook me, knocked me over, and started rolling me down the hill. He seemed to think it great sport. To my horror, as we neared the bottom, I saw a large hornet's nest in our path. I held tight to Billy's whiskers. This "riled" him. In one way this was lucky for me, for he butted me with greater ferocity and thus changed the path, so we avoided the nest. We came to a pile of tin cans. Now, goats like tin cans, for which I am very thankful. Billy commenced eating the cans,

and I escaped. Sam had seen it all. When he found I was not hurt, he guffawed loudly. He told my sister and friends, and I have never heard the last of that. Except for this and the boat race, our stay was uneventful. The last of August we returned to Lexington. I felt able to settle down to work, but, if it had not been for the tin cans, I doubt if I should have had the inclination.

WARREN H. LIBBY, '25.

JUNIORS.

Juniors! Juniors!
U know us,
Never worry, never fuss.
In all we do,
Or in all we say,
Right we are,
So they (don't) say.

L. T. H., '23.

MAINE TO CALIFORNIA.

Oct. 7, 1918, we started on an auto trip to Mecca, Cal. We went through Boston, New York and Philadelphia. If we slowed down in these places, the policemen told us to move along so as not to block the traffic. Sometimes electric cars were going overhead, beside, and under us at the same time.

In the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia we were able to coast nearly two miles, at a time, down very steep grades, and there were many sharp turns which were very dangerous. In Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, land was very level; one could look for miles and see only small bushes, not a tree or a hill.

At last we reached the Rocky Mountains in Colorado and northern part of New Mexico. The highest place in the mountains was at Ratoon Pass, 1078 feet high. Soon we had to go down the steepest hill we had seen. The road was only wide enough for one auto, except in a few places where two might pass.

Next came the desert, which was only sand and a few bushes. Prairie dogs could be seen or heard in very sandy places. These are very small, like a spaniel, and make a whistling noise. They live in holes in the sand and are hard to shoot or to get near.

Later we reached California, where we found all the flowers in blossom and fields green with grass. My uncle had a large date orchard, and we had all the dates we wanted. We also visited orange groves and gathered grapefruit. People there think of apples as we do of oranges.

On our way home we visited Washington, D. C. We saw the National Library, Washington Monument, Capitol and Museum there. In the museum were many skeletons of animals and stuffed birds and the remains of an old Egyptian king. We reached home April 19, 1919.

MAYNARD COLLEY, '25.

Perhaps you don't believe it, but
Electrics from the
North
Never are
Early, but always
Late as the
Latest.

(We wonder why?)

E. M. B., '23.

Paul, the French shark,
Entered U. of M.
Neither to study French
Nor to study Chemistry.
Every time you see him and ask him how he
Likes,
"Lovely," he'll exclaim, "everything goes well."

W. S. D., '23.

When we go into English Class
We are always anxious for the time to pass.
As the jeweler had no watches in stock,
The teacher has furnished a fine alarm clock.

W. S. D., '23.

Athletics

Pennell Institute faced the basket-ball season of 1922 with a very dubious outlook. Smith's Hall, the only available place in which the sport could be played, needed considerable repairing before it could be placed in suitable condition for use. But, as the school seemed so enthusiastically inclined to have itself represented this winter by both a boys' and a girls' team, it did not take long to raise the sum of nearly \$100 for the necessary repairs.

The boys spent many hours of hard work under the supervision of several capable citizens, who aided us greatly. At last the hall was ready and basket-ball practice began in earnest.

The basket-ball games played by Pennell Institute for the season of 1922 are as follows:

Pennell lost the first game of the season to Gorham High School by the score of 30 to 17.

Our next game was with Bliss Business College at Gray, December 7. Pennell was finally defeated in the last ten minutes of play, after a very close battle. The score was 24-21 in favor of Bliss.

Pennell overwhelmed the Shamrock A. C. of Lewiston at Gray, December 14, the visitors securing only one floor goal. The final score was 60-2 in favor of the Institute team.

New Gloucester, December 17. New Gloucester High School gave Pennell Institute its hardest battle of the season, Pennell nosing out a winner in the last minute of play. The game was fast and hotly contested throughout the forty minutes of playing.

FINE TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

"Tis fine to live in the country,
Where you never have to look blue,
Where the homes are very cozy,
Because no rent comes due.

C. S. F., '23.

Exchanges

Our list of exchanges has been comparatively small, but we took great interest in reading those received. We gratefully acknowledge the following list:

The Red and White, Sanford, Maine. Very good literary department.

The Laurel, Farmington, Maine. A very interesting paper in every way.

The Netop, Turner Falls, Mass. Good jokes and literary work.

The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Center, Maine. A very good paper, with the exception of the exchanges, which were few.

The Green and White, Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine. Excellent appearance.

The Colby Echo, Colby College. Several good poems.

Academy Bell, Fryeburg, Maine. A paper which was appreciated highly.

The Campus, U. of M. "Ye Campus Catte" was clever.

Alumni

CLASS OF 1921.

Alice Sweetser is teaching school at North Gray.

Bertha Libby is attending school in Boston.

Ruth Blake is training for a nurse at Dr. Cousens' Hospital.

Marguerite Morrill is teaching school at South Gray.

Cecile Leavitt is working at Gray Milling Co.

Inez Lufkin is attending Shaw's Business College, Portland.

John and Egbert Andrews are attending U. of M.

Roscoe Sawyer is attending Harvard College.

Charles and Chester Campbell are attending U. of M.

Harland Whitney is at U. of M.

Paul Libby is at U. of M.

Harold Kent is at home.

Melville Wilson is at Bates College.

Chester Campbell made the second football team at U. of M.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



FRESHMAN JOKES.

Imagine It! !

In Current Events: Arthur Sawyer drops five miles.

Ruby (translating Latin): "He placed the as yet baby in a box."

Safety First.

Aldrich: "They have iron ears hanging over the train so the freightman, when he gets hit with these, will scooch."

Muzzy: "I guess he would scooch if they were iron."

Buckshot.

Miss Severy: "They do have guards around the Sebago Lake dam because I've seen them with their rifles,—or else they were shot guns."

SOPHOMORE JOKES.

Severy, in the basket-ball hall: "Here comes Cleopatra."
Freshman: "Who do you mean—Marjorie?"

Miss W.: "Julius Caesar was Emperor of Rome."

Severy: "Was this while he was living or just before he died?"

Miss M.: "Mr. Parker, who is Wilfred of Ivanhoe?"

Delwin: "Wilfred of Ivanhoe was the Jew's son."

Miss M.: "Albert."

Albert: "What?"

Miss M.: "Every time I look at you you are bobbing up and down. Are you going to stop?"

Albert (after a pause): "I—guess—so."

Severy: "The Gauls were Frenchmen."

Stacy: "They were Germans."

Severy: "No, they weren't."

Stacy: "They were."

Miss Means: "That's enough."

Miss Means: "What is a soothsayer?"

Miss Stacy: "A man that cleaned chimneys."

Miss Wentworth (in History): "Julius Caesar was assassinated by Brutus and Cassius at the head of Nobles."

Sophomore: "Did he die a natural death?"

Very Painful!

C. Muzzy: "Housebreakers have to work with an abscess (abyss) of many feet on both sides of them."

Ernest Leonard (in History): "Caesar came to the Rubicon. He plunged in, exclaiming, 'The east must die'!"

Miss Means: "Mr. Parker, who is Stumah?"

Mr. Parker: "Son of Duncan."

Miss Means: "Well, Mr. Parker!"

HE BELONGS TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

Of all the garden stuff I have ever seen yet,

Our Freshmen are the greenest.

Green, oh, yes, as green as the grass!

"Pumpkin" belongs to the Freshman Class.

"Arthur" we call him, in other words,

And this name he much prefers;

But when it comes to catching bass,

"Arthur" belongs to the Freshman Class.

And as to fishing, that's not all,

He knows how to play basket-ball!

And is very good in playing pass!

He belongs to the Freshman Class.

His hair is brown, his eyes are blue,

He wears a green suit, that is true.

"Arthur" knows how to catch a lass,

'Cause he belongs to the Freshman Class.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Just a word or two from us,
 Unless you are too busy.
 Now you must not forget
 (I am not very funny,
 Or trying to be odd).
 Rules must be obeyed.

Carefulness is always found,
 Loyalty we surely have.
 And order is the best of all.
 So you can plainly see,
 Smart are we.

A. M. N., '23.

Just a line or two to-day to make you
 Understand the things that we Juniors
 Never do.
 I don't think we whisper,
 Or run about the
 Room

Collecting notes in school
 Like other pupils.
 After school at night we never have to
 Stay.
 Suppose we get our lesson all O. K.

M. E. V., '23.

JUNIOR JOKES.

Abbie: "Marguerite, may I take your fountain pen?"
 Marguerite: "There isn't any ink in it."

Alva (at rehearsal) to Kenneth: "My dear Rotten (Norton) you are very wrong." A roar from the class.

Small (at rehearsal): "You're an angel (Kenneth) and your sister's a trump (Alva)."

Miss Wentworth (in English): "I want to see all the girls in the fish pond."

Miss Wentworth: "Mr. Small, what other figures are there?"
 Mr. Small: "Hyperbowl" (Hyperbole).

In Pedagogy Class.

Mr. Smart: "Alva, what is the mill tax?"
Alva: "Tax received from sawmills, etc."

Miss Wentworth (in English): "Which one of the essays is best, Mr. Small's or Mr. Files'?"

Alva: "Oh, Mr. Smart's."

Miss Wentworth: "I haven't asked him for any yet."

We have decided that this school needs a messenger to tell the teachers the correct time.

We always wondered why Eugenia sits alone at noon, but we have decided that no one can take the place of Chester.

(See Burns' Poems.)

Bill, our flirt,
Used to be quite bashful,
Ran away from all the girls.
Now he is quite different.
Still he runs, but in the other direction.

K. H. B., '23.

Imagine

Abbie not breaking tubes in the Lab.
Alva not talking aloud in school.
Lillian with her Ped. lesson.
Eleanor in a rage.
Marguerite without her lessons.
Eugenia with long skirts.
Esther with her hair braided down her back.
William not sitting with Marion or Eleanor.
Kenneth with a shave.
Clifford sitting with Hazel and Louisa.
Charlie without his geometry lesson.

SENIOR STATISTICS.

Florence Brown's greatest ambition is, so we hear, to be "mamma's little girl;" as a favorite pastime she likes to experiment in the Lab. You'll always know Florence when you hear her say, "He's a scream." We expect her to be a teacher. Her favorite song is "Hortense."

Marion Roberts' greatest ambition is to be with Florence; whenever you want to find her just go to a dance, you'll find her there jazzing. She repeats, "Yes, Mamma," quite often. We wonder why? She will be a wife. "I Ain't Nobody's Darling."

Elizabeth Douglass' ambition is to get married, you'll always see her flirting (?). Her favorite saying is, "I'll see." "A good man is hard to find."

Harriet Russell's ambition is to become thin. Her favorite pastime is laughing. Her favorite saying is, "For the love of Mike." She will be a minister's wife. "Nobody to love."

Jennie Foster's ambition is to keep house for Edward. Her favorite pastime is going to the movies. Her favorite saying is "Good-Night!" She will be married.

Frances Cole—well, she has no ambition at all. Her favorite pastime is guying. Her favorite saying is "Hustle up." She will be nothing. "I Love You."

Kathryn Sweetser's ambition is to teach Latin. Her pastime is studying (?). She never has any favorite saying. It's hard to tell what she ever will be. "Take Me to Honey-Moon Land."

William Russell's ambition is going home with Marion. You'll always find him whistling. His favorite saying is "Get out!" He will be a farmer. "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

Ernest Coffin's ambition is to go to college. His favorite pastime is milking Walter Leighton's cows (?). You never hear him say a word, but he will be an actor. "They're All Sweeties."

Guy Prince's ambition is connected with coal (Cole). Favorite saying is, "Lend me your horse." Favorite pastime, riding to Raymond. He will be a bachelor (?). "When Frances Dances With Me."

Clarence Quint's ambition is, of course, to be a chemist. Favorite pastime, studying Chemistry. Favorite saying, "I can't do it." He will be a lady's chauffeur. "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me."

Percy Quint's ambition is to play baseball. Favorite pastime is driving his Ford. Favorite saying, "Jimminy." He will be a minister (?). "Someone to Love."

Byron Hanson's ambition is to be a movie actor. Favorite pastime is dancing; favorite saying is, "Oh, you Dumb-Bell." He will always be somebody's sweetheart. "Just One Girl."

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